

Ste. Put off that gowne (*Trinculo*) by this hand Ile haue that gowne.

Tri. Thy grace shall haue it. (*meane*
Cal. The dropie drowne this foole, what doe you To doate thus on such luggage? let's alone
And doe the murder first: if he awake, just of requite
From toe to crowne hee'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make vs strange stufie.

Ste. Be you quiet (*Monster*) Mistris line, is not this my Ierkin? now is the Ierkin vnder the line: now Ierkin you are like to lose your haire, & proue a bald Ierkin.

Tri. Doe, doe; we steale by lyne and leuell, and t like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that iest; heere's a garment for't: Wit shall not goe vn-rewarded while I am King of this Country: Steale by lyne and leuell, is an excellent passe of pate: there's another garment for't.

Tri. *Monster*, come put some Limc vpon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will haue none on't: we shall loose our time, And all beturn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes, vnlesse we goe With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. *Monster*, lay to your fingers: helpe to beare this away, where my hog'shead of wine is, or Ile turne you out of my kingdom: goe to, carry this.

Tri. And this.

Ste. I, and this.

A noise of Hunters heard. Enter diuers Spirits in shape of Dogs and Hounds, hunting them about: Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pro. Hey *Mountaine*, hey.

Ari. *Siluer*: there it goes, *Siluer*.

Pro. Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: harke, harke. Goe, charge my Goblins that they grinde their ioynts With dry Convulsions, shorten vp their sinewes With aged Cramps, & more pinch-spotted make them, Then Pard, or Cat o' *Mountaine*.

Ari. Harke, they rore.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this houre Lies at my mercy all mine enemies: Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou Shalt haue the ayre at freedome: for a little Follow, and doe me seruice. *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus: Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero (in his Magicke robes) and Ariel.

Pro. Now do's my Proiect gather to a head: My charmes cracke not: my Spirits obey, and Time Goes vpright with his carriage: how's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hower, at which time, my Lord You said our worke should cease.

Pro. I did say so, When first I rais'd the Tempest: say my Spirit, How fares the King, and 's followers?

Ari. Confin'd together

In the same fashion, as you gaue in charge, Iust as you left them; all prisoners Sir In the *Line-groue* which weather-fends your Cell, They cannot boudge till your release: The King, His Brother, and yours, abide all three distracted, And the remainder mourning ouer them, Brim full of sorrow, and dismay: but chiefly

Him that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord *Gonzalo*, His teares runs downe his beard like winters drops From caues of freeds: your charm so strongly works 'em That if you now beheld them, your affections Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou thinke so, Spirit?

Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling Of their afflictions, and shall not my selfe, One of their kinde, that relish all as sharply,

Passion as they, be kindlier mou'd then thou art? Thogh with their high wrongs I am strook to th' quick, Yet, with my nobler reason, gainst my furie Doc I take part: the rarer Action is

In vertue, then in vengeance: they, being penitent, The sole drift of my purpose doth extend Not a frowne further: Goe, release them *Ariel*.

My Charmes Ile breake, their fences Ile restore, And they shall be themselves.

Ari. Ile fetch them, Sir. *Exit.*

Pro. Ye Elues of hills, brooks, standing lakes & groues, And ye, that on the sands with printlesse foote Doe chase the ebbing-*Neptune*, and doe sic him

When he comes backe: you demy-Puppets, that By Moone-shine doe the Greene sower Ringlets make, Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whose pastime Is to make midnight-Mushrumps, that reioyce

To heare the solemne Curfewe, by whose ayde (Weake Masters though ye be) I haue bedym'd The Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the murenous windes,

And twixt the Greene Sea, and the azur'd vault Set roaring warre: To the dread ratling Thunder Haue I giuen fire, and risted *Ianes* stowt Oke

With his owne Bolt: The strong bas'd promontorie Haue I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt vp The Pyne, and Cedar. Graues at my command

Haue wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth By my so potent Art. But this rough Magicke I heere abiure: and when I haue requir'd

Some heavenly Musicke (which euen now I do) To worke mine end vpon their Sences, that This Ayrie-charme is for, Ile breake my staffe, Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth,

And deeper then did euer Plummet found Ile drowne my booke. *Solemne musick.*

Heere enters Ariel before: Then Alonso with a franticke gesture, attended by Gonzalo, Sebastian and Antonio in like manner attended by Adrian and Francisco: They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charm'd: which Prospero obseruing, speaks.

A solemne Ayre, and the best comforter, To an vnfeild fancie, Cure thy braines (Now vselesse) boile within thy skull: there stand For you are Spell-stopt.

Holy *Gonzalo*, Honourable man, Mine eyes ev'n sociable to the shew of thine Fall fellowly drops: The charme dissolues apace, And as the morning steales vpon the night

(Melting the darkenesse) so their rising sences Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle Their clearer reason. O good *Gonzalo*

My true preseruer, and a loyall Sir, To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces Home both in word, and deede: Most cruelly

Didst

Did thou *Alonso*, vse me, and my daughter: Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act, Thou art pinch'd for't now *Sebastian*. Flesh, and bloud, You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition,

Expell'd remorse, and nature, whom, with *Sebastian* (Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)

Would heere haue kill'd your King: I do forgive thee, Vnnaturall though thou art: Their vnderstanding

Begins to swell, and the approaching tide Will shortly fill the reasonable shore

That now ly foule, and muddy: not one of them That yet lookes on me, or would know me: *Ariel*, Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell,

I will disease me, and my selfe present As I was sometime *Milhamo*: quickly Spirit, Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariel sings, and helps to attire him.
*Where the Bee sucks, there suck I,
In a Cowslips bell, I lie,
There I couch when Owles doe drie,
On the Batt's backe I doe lye
after Sommer merrily.*

*Merrily, merrily, shall I line now,
Vnder the blossom that hangs on the Bow.*

Pro. Why that's my dainty *Ariel*: I shall misse Thee, but yet thou shalt haue freedome: so, so, so, To the Kings ship, inuisible as thou art,

There shalt thou finde the Mariners asleepe Vnder the Hatches: the Master and the Boat-swaine Being awake, enforce them to this place;

And presently, I pre thee.

Ari. I drinke the aire before me, and returne Or ere your pulse twice beate. *Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement Inhabits heere: some heavenly power guide vs Out of this fearefull Country.

Pro. Behold Sir King The wronged Duke of *Milaine*, *Prospero*: For more assurance that a liuing Prince

Do's now speake to thee, I embrace thy body, And to thee, and thy Company, I bid A hearty welcome.

Al. Where thou bee'st he or no, Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me, (As late I haue bene) I not know: thy Pulse Beats as of flesh, and blood: and since I saw thee, Th' affliction of my minde amends, with which

I feare a madnesse held me: this must craue (And if this be at all) a most strange story. Thy Dukedome I resigne, and doe entreat

Thou pardon me my wrongs: But how shold *Prospero* Be liuing, and be heere?

Pro. First, noble Friend, Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot Be measur'd, or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be, Or be not, Ile not sweare.

Pro. You doe yet taste Some subtilties o'th' Ile, that will not let you Beleuee things certaine: Wellcome, my friends all, But you, my brace of Lords, were I so minded

I heere could plucke his Highnesse frowne vpon you And iustifie you Traitors: at this time I will tell no tales.

Seb. The Diuell speaks in him: *Pro.* No:

For you (most wicked S Would euen infect my

Thy rankest faule; all of My Dukedome of thee, Thou must restore.

Al. If thou bee'st *Pro.* Give vs particulars of thy

How thou hast met vs heere Were wrackt vpon this

(How sharp the point of My deere sonne *Ferdinand*

Pro. I am woe for't, *Al.* Irreparable is th

Pro. I rather thinke You haue not sought her

For the like losse, I haue And rest my selfe content

Al. You the like losse, *Pro.* As great to me,

To make the deere losse, Then you may call to con

Haue lost my daughter. *Al.* A daughter?

Oh heavens, that they we The King and Queene th

My selfe were mudded in Where my sonne lies: wh

Pro. In this last Tempe At this encounter doe so

That they deuoure their r Their cies doe offices of T

Are naturall breath: but f Beene iustled from your f

That I am *Prospero*, and th Which was thrust forth o

Vpon this shore (where y To be the Lord on't: No

For 'tis a Chronicle of day Not a relation for a break

Befitting this first meeting This Cell's my Court: hee

And Subiects none abroa My Dukedome since you

I will requite you with as At least bring forth a won

As much, as me my Duke Here *Prospero* discover

ing at Chesse. *Mir.* Sweet Lord, you

Fer. No my dearest lo I would not for the world

Mir. Yes, for a score And I would call it faire p

Al. If this proue A vision of the Island, one

Shall I twice loose.

Seb. A most high m

Fer. Though the Seas

I haue curs'd them witho

Al. Now all the blest

Of a glad father, compasse

Arise, and say how thou c

Mir. O wonder!

How many goodly creatu

How beauteous mankind